

★ STAR ★ RANGER

FUN --- ACTION --- EXCITEMENT

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
JUNE
1937
10¢

*I think we're on the
wrong side of
the fence.*

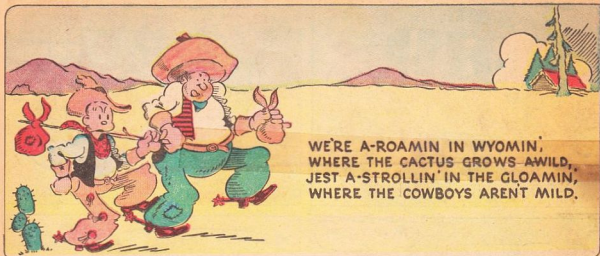


PICTORIAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

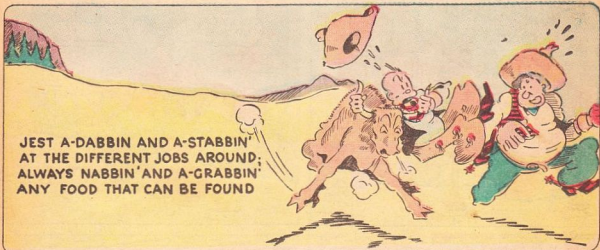


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

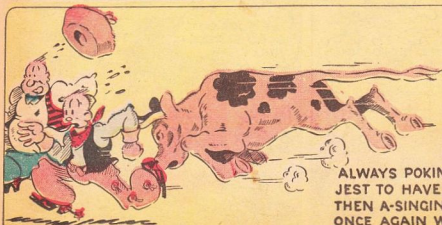
WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC



WE'RE A-ROAMIN' IN WYOMIN',
WHERE THE CACTUS GROWS AWILD,
JEST A-STROLLIN' IN THE GLOAMIN',
WHERE THE COWBOYS AREN'T MILD.

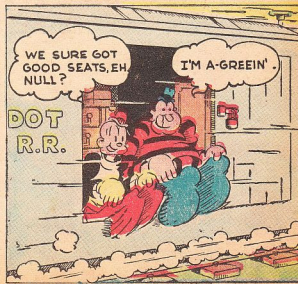
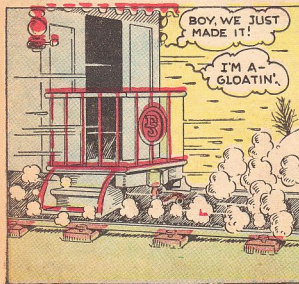
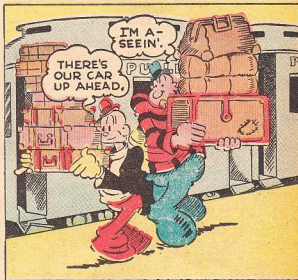
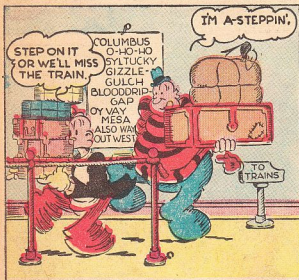


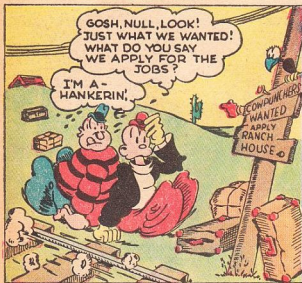
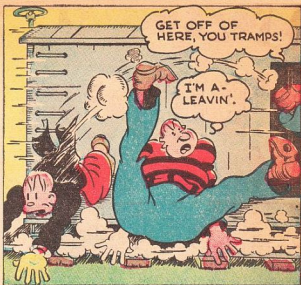
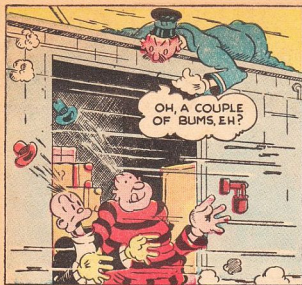
JEST A-DABBIN' AND A-STABBIN'
AT THE DIFFERENT JOBS AROUND;
ALWAYS NABBIN' AND A-GRABBIN'
ANY FOOD THAT CAN BE FOUND



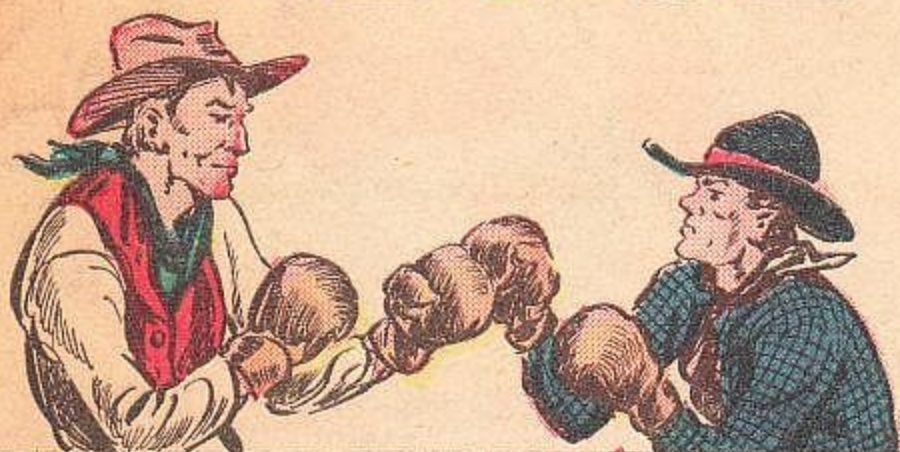
ALWAYS POKIN' AND A-JOKIN'
JEST TO HAVE A JOLLY DAY,
THEN A-SINGIN' AND A-SWINGIN', -
ONCE AGAIN WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

NULL AND VOID

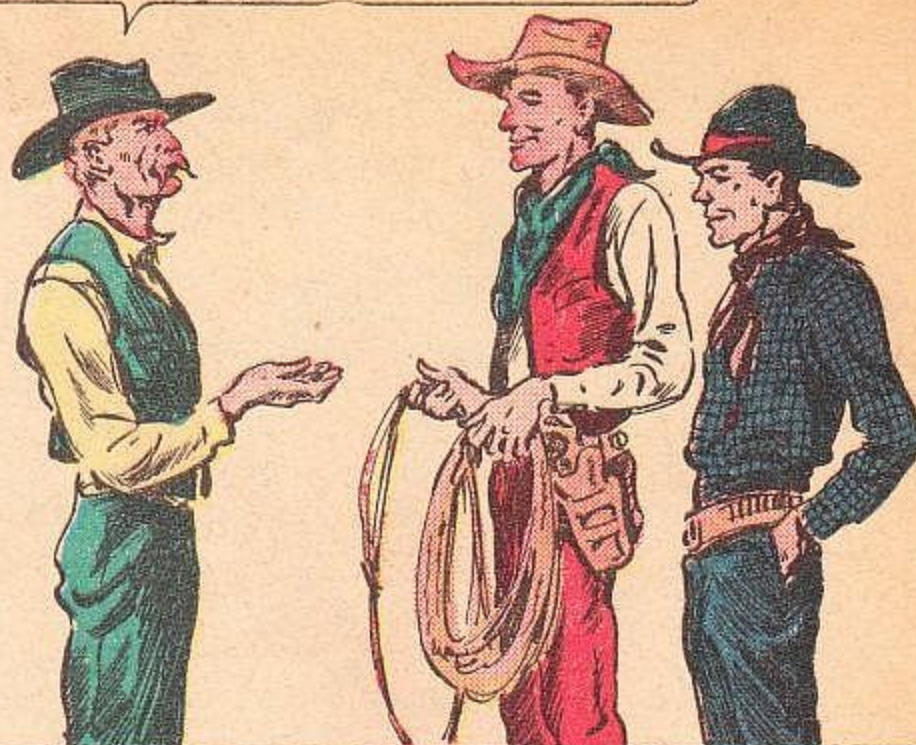




ACE & DEUCE

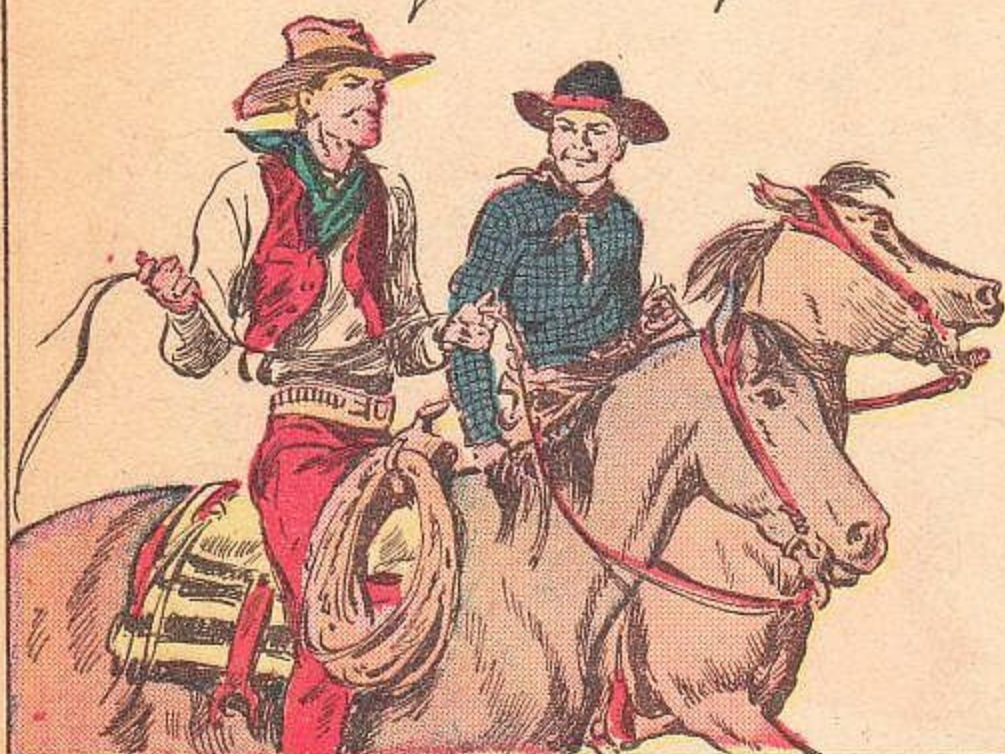


RIDE OVER AN' GIT THAT PRIZE FIGHTER OUTA BED — HE SHOULDA BEEN HERE AT SIX.



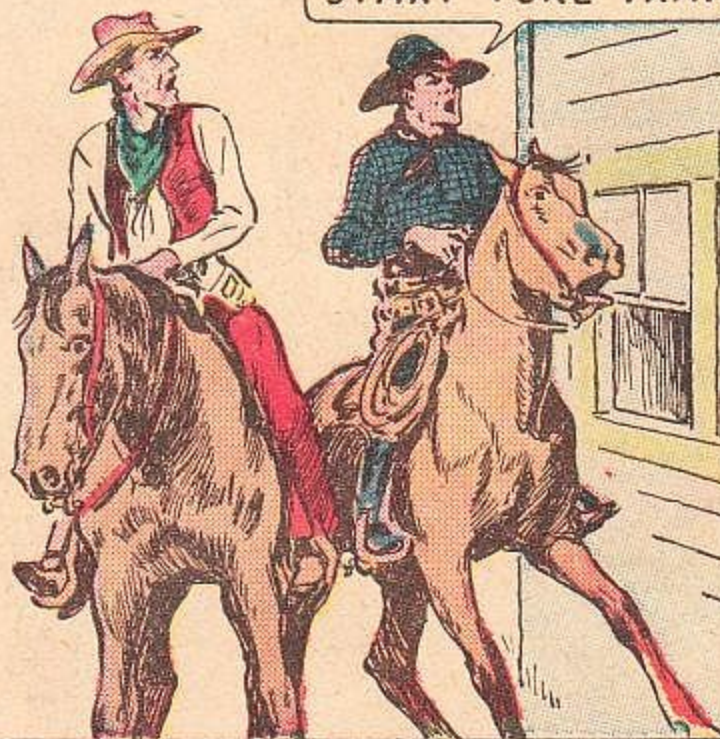
THAT FIGHTER CAME OUT HERE FUR A COURSE IN TRAININ'.

WE'LL GIT HIM IN SHAPE, ALLRIGHT!

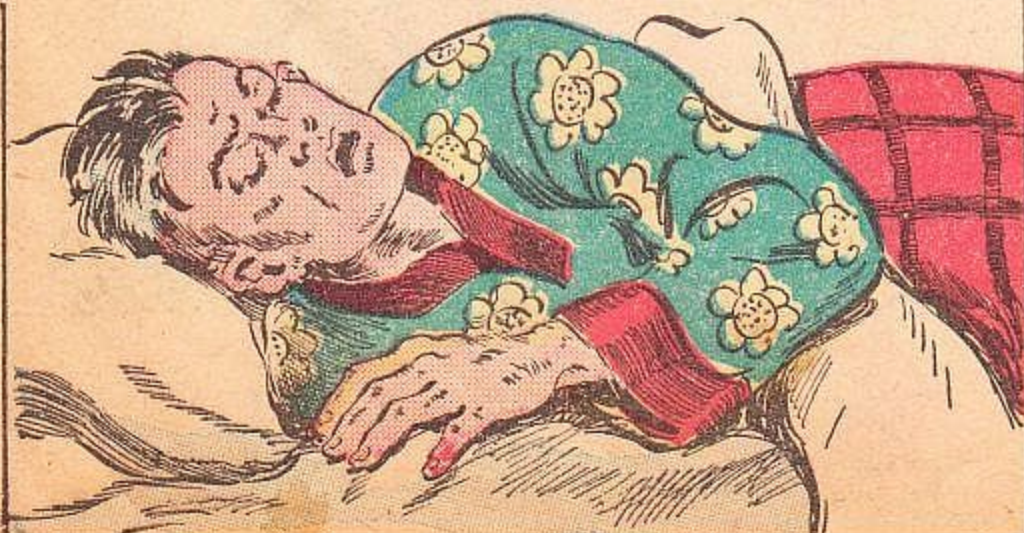


YIPP-E-EE! — GIT UP, THAR, YUH!

COME OUTA THAR AN' START YORE TRAININ'!



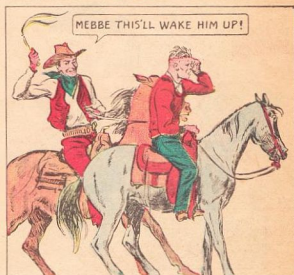
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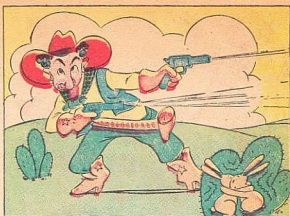
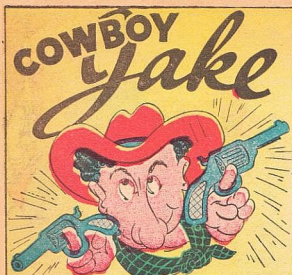


THAT OUGHTA GIT HIM!

WHOO-P-EE! WAKE UP!







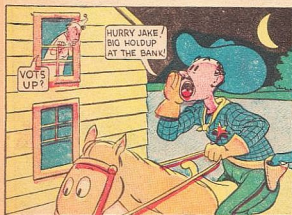
"VOOPEE I'M CRYING, KENT YOU SEE
MY NAME IS COWBOY JAKE.
TO BE A COWBOY TOUGH AND WILD
I GOT JUST WHAT IT TAKES



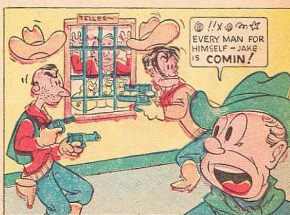
TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW TOUGH I AM
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNEW
DAT I'M THE GUY, THE VERY GUY
WOT SHOT UP DAN MA GREW.



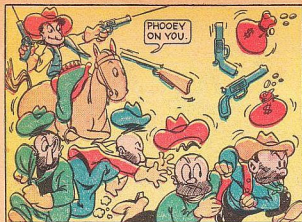
I'M ALSO KNOWN AS FOUR GUN JAKE
AROUND THE GENERAL STORE.
I CARRY TWO GUNS ON MY HIP-
BACK HOME I GOT TWO MORE



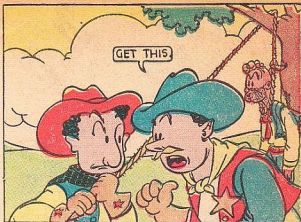
WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE HANGING ROUND
THE SHERIFF SENDS FOR ME.
LIKE CATTLE THIEVES AND ROBBERS TOO
SO WHAT ELSE KEN THERE BE.



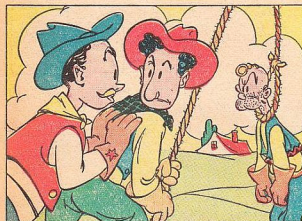
THE ROBBERS HEARING COWBOY JAKE
IS HOT UPON THEIR TRAIL
SO WHAT DO THEY DO, I'M ESKING YOU
THEIR FACES TURNING PALE.



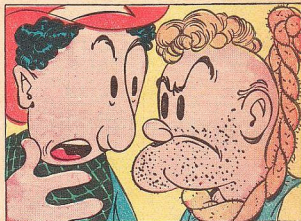
DE'RE RUNNING AWAY QUITE QUICKLY
VEN I AM HERE ON THE JOB
FORGETTING TO STEAL ANY CATTLE
FORGETTING THE BANKS TO ROB.



ONCE WHEN WE HUNG UP A ROBBER,
WAY UP ON EN EPPLE TREE,
THE SHERIFF WAS CALLING ME OVER
AND SAID, 'TAKE A MESSAGE FROM ME.



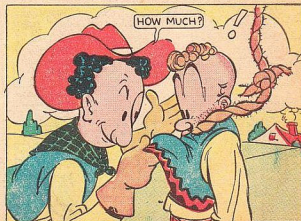
GO ESKING THAT GUY BEFORE HE IS HUNG
VOT HE WOULD LIKE TO SAY
V'LL GRANT HIM WHATEVER REQUEST HE MAKES
FOR DIS IS HIS FINAL DAY.



SO TO THE PRISONER I'M ESKING
'VOT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY
BEFORE YOU GO HANGING AN HOUR OR TWO
AND DEN GETTING CARTED AWAY.



HE SNEERED ME A SNEER AN' OH VOT A SNEER
TROUBLES WAS DEEP ON HIS BROW.
'YOU WANT A REQUEST GO MAKE IT YOURSELF
KENT YOU SEE THAT I'M BUSY RIGHT NOW.'



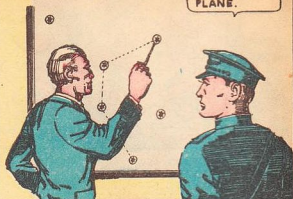
SO IT'S ALRIGHT WID YOU, IT'S ALRIGHT WID ME
I'M MAKING YOU DIS REQUEST
BEFORE YOU ARE HUNG, I'M ESKING YOU NOW,
HOW MUCH WILL YOU TAKE FOR DAT VEST?'

Air Plunder



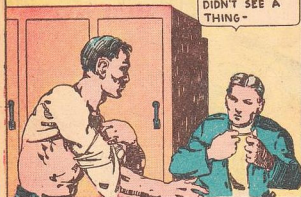
THREE PLANES REPORTED AS FAR AS HERE. AFTER THAT—NOTHING. NO LUCK WITH SEARCHING PARTIES

MY ORDERS ARE TO COOPERATE, SIR. I'LL FLY THE NEXT PLANE.



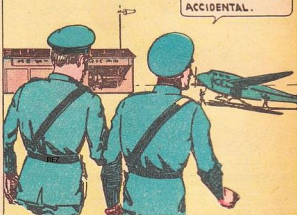
THEY VANISHED ABOUT THE SAME PLACE. THEY MUST HAVE LANDED IN MEXICO, NEAR THE MOUNTAINS.

YEAH BUT WHERE? I FLEW A THOUSAND MILES AND I DIDN'T SEE A THING—



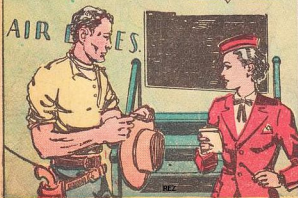
IF THEY HIT THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN—GOOD NIGHT.

BUT SOME TRACE OF THEM SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOUND. THIS HASN'T BEEN ACCIDENTAL.



SHORE IS GOING TO BE A PLEASANT TRIP WITH YOU ABOARD.

I HOPE SO. YOUR CHAIR IS THE LAST ONE ON THE RIGHT—



EET WOULD EVEN BE PLEASANT TO CRASH WEETH YOU BY MY SIDE, SENORITA.

CUT IT OUT—THIS ROUTE IS JINXED ENOUGH.



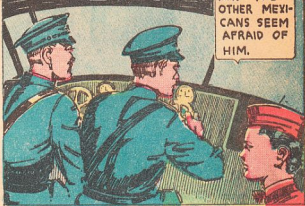
EIGHT PASSENGERS
AND TEN GRAND IN
MAIL. WORTH GETTING.

YEAH-SAY YOU
DON'T THINK
IT'S AIR PIRATES-
DO YOU?

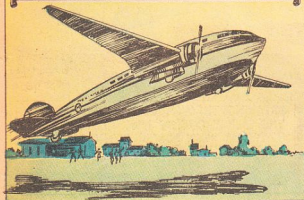


WE HAVE A HOT LOOKING
PASSENGER LIST. TWO
AMERICANS AND THE
REST MEX.

I DON'T LIKE
THE GREASY
LOOKING ONE.
AND THE
OTHER MEXI-
CANS SEEM
AFRAID OF
HIM.



WITH A POWERFULL ROAR, THE BIG SHIP SOARED
UPWARD. WOULD SHE COMPLETE HER JOURNEY
OR WOULD THIS BE JUST ANOTHER UNSOLVED
MYSTERY?



QUICKLY NOW-KEEL ANYONE
WHO RESISTS.

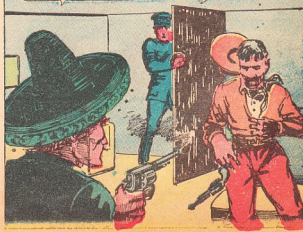


OH! HE'S A BANDIT. I MUST
WARN TED AND JIM.



SO, FOR ALL FOOLS WHO
THEENK THEY CAN
OPPOSE ME.

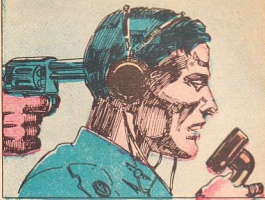
A STICKUP!
TED, IT'S
HAPPENED.



YOU WILL DO AS I ORDER OR DIE. RADIO
THAT YOU ARE QUITE SAFE, AT ONCE !

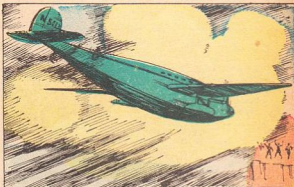


TED THOMPSON CALLING, TED THOMPSON.
EVERYTHING OKAY. OKAY-GET IT, REPORT
BACK ON THIS OKAY.



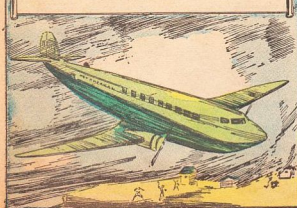
LAND DOWN THERE ?
YOUR CRAZY- ONLY
A MOUNTAIN GOAT
COULD SIT DOWN ON
THAT MOUNTAIN.

THEN YOU ARE A
MOUNTAIN GOAT.
DO AS I COMMAND.



BREAKING THROUGH CLOUDS, TED SAW
THE SECRET OF THE MISSING PLANES.
THEY HAD BEEN FORCED DOWN ON A
LEVEL SECTION OF A TOWERING
MOUNTAIN.

HERE NO SEARCHING PARTY COULD
SEE THE CAPTURED SHIPS, BECAUSE
OF THE THICK CLOUDS AND NO PARTY
ON FOOT COULD REACH THIS PEAK~



YOU WILL LIKE EET
HERE, MY PRETTY
ONE !

KEEP YOUR
CHIN UP !

WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO ?



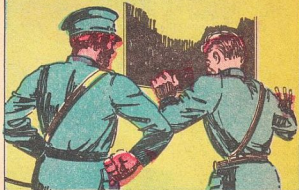
THERE IS NO ESCAPE, GRINGO. NO PLANES CAN FIND YOU. OBEY AND YOU GO UNHARMED. I SEEK ONLY RANSOM.

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME. MEMBERS OF YOUR GANG FLEW EACH PLANE THAT WAS FORCED DOWN.



WHAT THE HECK'S WRONG-GETTING CHILDISH?

GETTING WISE JIM. WE'RE STUCK UNTIL A SEARCHING PARTY FINDS US.

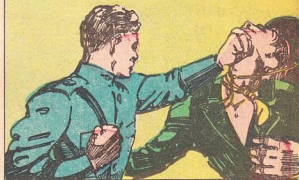


STOP! YOU FOOL.

YOU DIRTY BANDIT- I'LL BUST YOUR JAW!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GIRL OR NEXT TIME I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD CLEAR OFF!



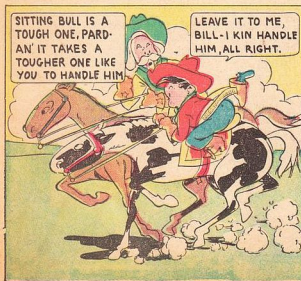
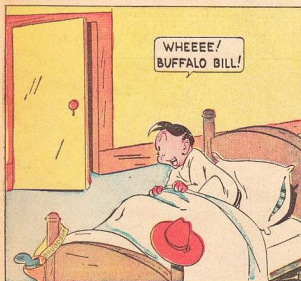
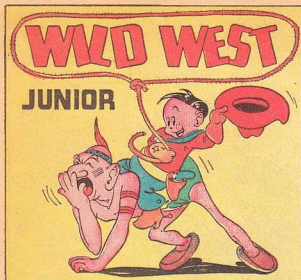
FOR THAT INSULT YOU DIE LIKE A PEEG!

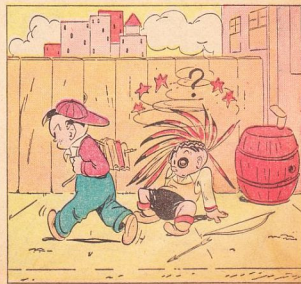
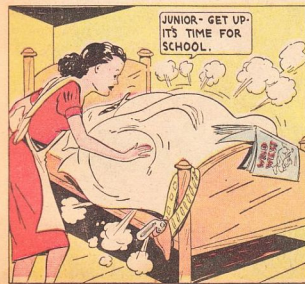
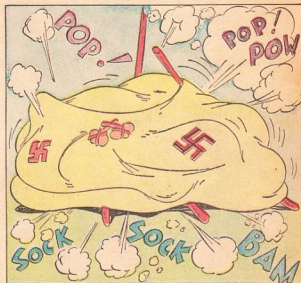
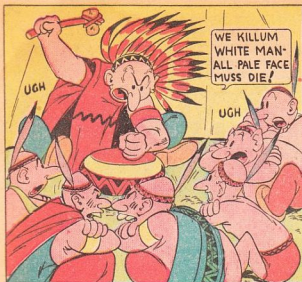
YEAH-TAKE A LOOK A LOOK AT THOSE CLOUDS



THAT RADIO REPORT STARTED THINGS. THREE OKAYS MEANT TROUBLE. WHILE JANE ATTRACTED YOU AND YOUR MEN, I SENT UP THESE GAS FILLED BALLOONS ABOVE THE CLOUDS. NOW LETS FREE THE OTHER PRISONERS.







TALA

by NORMAN DANIELS

THE STORY OF A
CUB'S REVENGE.

— ILLUSTRATED BY FRED GUARDINER —

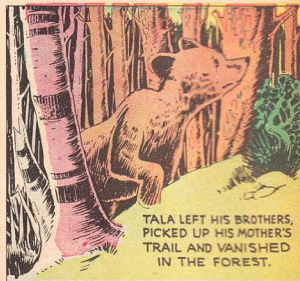
IN HER OWN LANGUAGE
THE MOTHER BEAR ORDERED
HER CUBS TO REMAIN BE-
HIND WHILE SHE SEARCHED
FOR FOOD.



BUT TALA, LIVELIEST
OF HER CUBS,
WANTED TO JOIN
IN THE HUNT.



TALA LEFT HIS BROTHERS,
PICKED UP HIS MOTHER'S
TRAIL AND VANISHED
IN THE FOREST.



A SMALL BIRD CAUGHT TALA'S
ATTENTION. QUICKLY HE GAVE
CHASE THINKING THIS MIGHT
BE A TASTY MORSEL



DANGER THREATENED TALA, ALTHOUGH
HE DIDN'T KNOW IT. PUMAS, KILLERS
AND ENEMIES OF THE BEAR,
WATCHED THEIR CHANCE.



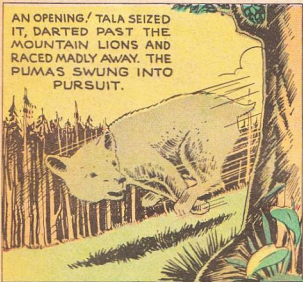
TAILS LASHING, THE PUMAS MADE READY FOR THE CHARGE. TALA, TERRIFIED, LOOKED FOR AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



SNARLING FEROCIOUSLY, THE PUMAS CIRCLED THEIR VICTIM, MAKING SURE NO FULL-GROWN BEAR LURKED NEARBY.



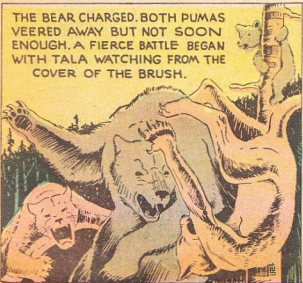
AN OPENING! TALA SEIZED IT, DARTED PAST THE MOUNTAIN LIONS AND RACED MADLY AWAY. THE PUMAS SWUNG INTO PURSUIT.



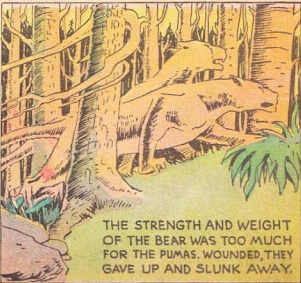
THEN FORTUNE STEPPED IN. TALA'S MOTHER, ATTRACTED BY HER SON'S WHIMPERING, STEPPED OUT TO CHALLENGE THE PUMAS.



THE BEAR CHARGED. BOTH PUMAS VEERED AWAY BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH. A FIERCE BATTLE BEGAN WITH TALA WATCHING FROM THE COVER OF THE BRUSH.



THE STRENGTH AND WEIGHT OF THE BEAR WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE PUMAS. WOUNDED, THEY GAVE UP AND SLUNK AWAY.



LIKE ALL MOTHERS, TALA'S PARENT ATTENDED HER SON'S WOUNDS, BUT IN TALA'S HEART RANKLED A HATRED FOR THE PUMAS.



TALA GROWLED HIS HATRED. HIS MOTHER EYED THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON. IT WAS TIME TO HIBERNATE.



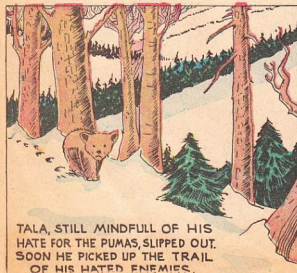
A WARM CAVE HAD BEEN FOUND BY TALA'S FATHER BUT FOOD HAD BEEN SCARCE - HARDLY ENOUGH TO PROVIDE NOURISHMENT FOR THE LONG WINTER.



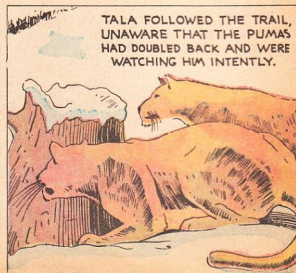
THEY WERE SECURE ENOUGH BUT HUNGER MADE THEM THIN AFTER SEVERAL DAYS. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO BEGIN THE WINTER'S SLEEP



TALA, STILL MINDFUL OF HIS HATE FOR THE PUMAS, SLIPPED OUT. SOON HE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF HIS HATED ENEMIES.



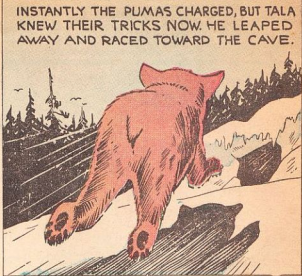
TALA FOLLOWED THE TRAIL, UNAWARE THAT THE PUMAS HAD DOUBLED BACK AND WERE WATCHING HIM INTENTLY.



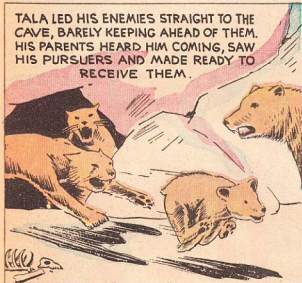
THE WIND CHANGED TO TALA'S FAVOR. HE SCENTED HIS ENEMIES, TURNED AND SAW THEM. BRAVELY HE ROSE TO HIS FULL HEIGHT AND ROARED HIS CHALLENGE.



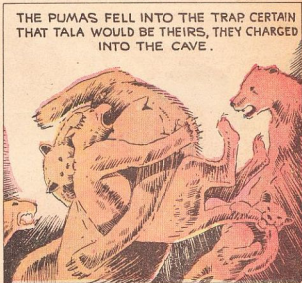
INSTANTLY THE PUMAS CHARGED, BUT TALA KNEW THEIR TRICKS NOW. HE LEAPED AWAY AND RACED TOWARD THE CAVE.



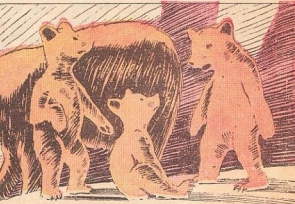
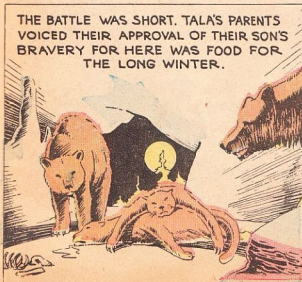
TALA LED HIS ENEMIES STRAIGHT TO THE CAVE, BARELY KEEPING AHEAD OF THEM. HIS PARENTS HEARD HIM COMING, SAW HIS PURSUERS AND MADE READY TO RECEIVE THEM.



THE PUMAS FELL INTO THE TRAP CERTAIN THAT TALA WOULD BE THEIRS, THEY CHARGED INTO THE CAVE.

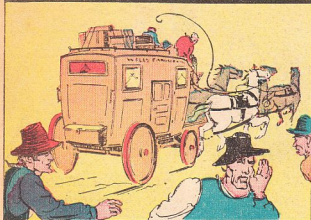


THE BATTLE WAS SHORT. TALA'S PARENTS VOICED THEIR APPROVAL OF THEIR SON'S BRAVERY FOR HERE WAS FOOD FOR THE LONG WINTER.



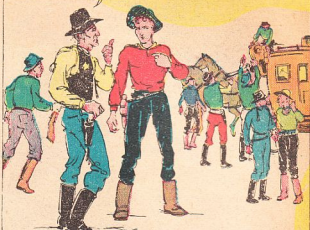
PROUDLY TALA TOLD HIS BROTHERS HOW HE HAD TRAPPED HIS ENEMIES. TALA WAS SMALL BUT HE HAD BRAINS TO MAKE UP FOR HIS SIZE AND SOME DAY HE COULD FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES.

DEATH RIDES THE STAGE



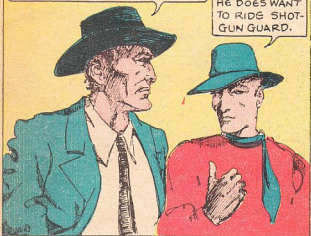
SAME GANG, SON. THIS
MAKES THE -
- FIFTH TIME.

I A-GOIN' TO TAKE A HAND IN
THIS AN' RIDE THE NEXT STAGE.



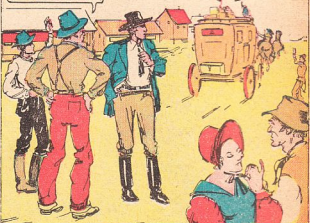
I HEARD THAT, BOB. IF YOU RIDE
HER, LOOK OUT FOR THE SHERIFF.
HE'S TOO ANXIOUS TO RIDE GUARD.

YUH MEAN THE
SHERIFF MIGHT
BE THE BANDIT?
HE DOES WANT
TO RIDE SHOT-
GUN GUARD.



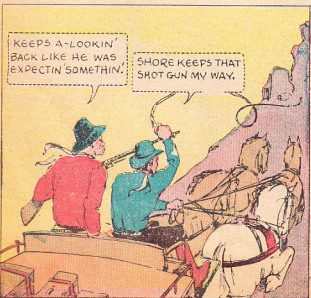
HE HAS. NO STAGE HAS EVER GOT THROUGH THE
LAST 5 TRIPS. THIS ONE HAS \$80,000 IN GOLD ABOARD.

THE BOY HAS
PLENTY O' NERVE.

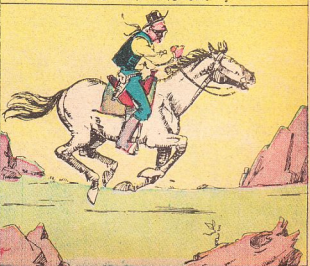


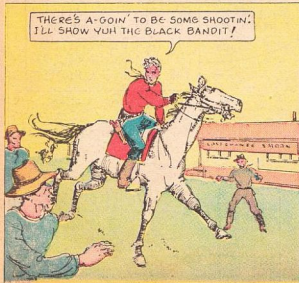
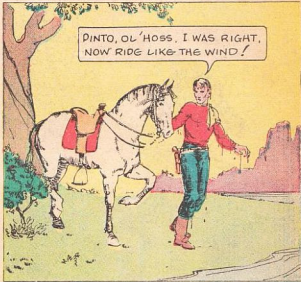
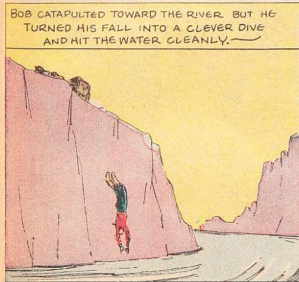
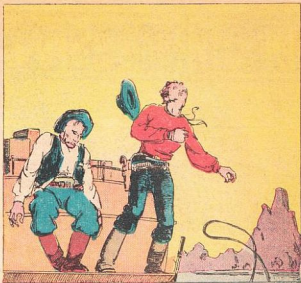
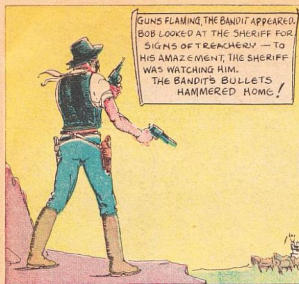
KEEPS A-LOOKIN'
BACK LIKE HE WAS
EXPECTIN' SOMETHIN'.

SHORE KEEPS THAT
SHOTGUN MY WAY.

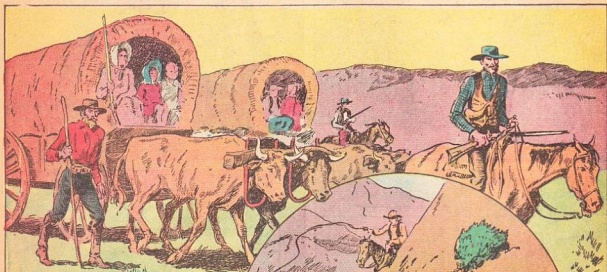


TAKING EVERY SHORT CUT, A BANDIT IN BLACK,
CAME RIDING LIKE THUNDER !

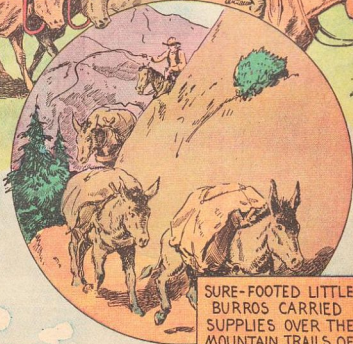




The WEST that WAS



OXEN PROVED TO BE THE MOST RELIABLE MEANS OF DRAWING THE COVERED WAGONS ACROSS THE ENDLESS PLAINS.

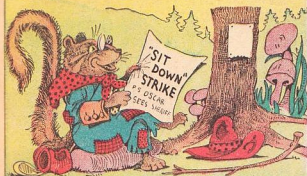


SURE-FOOTED LITTLE BURROS CARRIED SUPPLIES OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS OF THE MINING COUNTRY.



"TWENTY MULE TEAMS" HAULED TRAINS OF GIANT FREIGHT WAGONS ACROSS THE ARID WASTES.

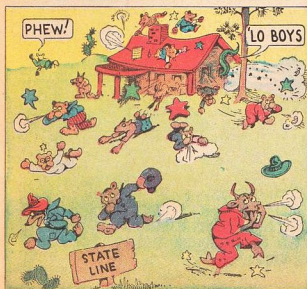
HOMELESS OSCAR



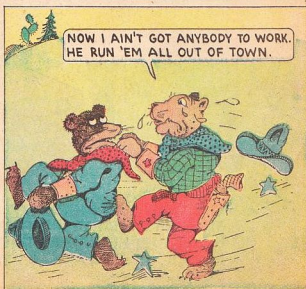
WASSAMATTER, SITDOWN STRIKE?



-AND THEY WON'T GO TO WORK.



NOW I AIN'T GOT ANYBODY TO WORK. HE RUN 'EM ALL OUT OF TOWN.

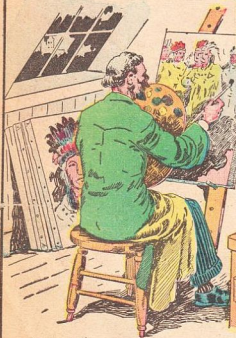


Chief Two Gun WHITE CALF



ARTIST HAD TO BRIBE
WHITE CALF'S MOTHER
BEFORE HE WOULD POSE.

CHIEF WHITE CALF
OF THE
BLACKFOOT TRIBE



CHIEF TWO GUN WHITE CALF, THE MOST FAMOUS INDIAN IN THE UNITED STATES. HIS PORTRAIT ADORNS THE BUFFALO NICKEL AND HE HAS POSED FOR A HUNDRED DIFFERENT MURALS, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

illustrated
by
R. ASTARITA

THE SQUARE UPS

by
**BARD
REYNOLDS**

Chuck Ellis topped the ridge and looked down into a valley where cattle grazed and grass was green. He patted his horse's neck, hitched around in the saddle and looked about him.

Crack!

The sound of the gun wasn't followed by the spang of a bullet so Chuck knew it wasn't intended for him. But loosened the six gun on his hip, squinted as he peered down into the valley and spoke quietly to his horse. As he streaked down, he saw the smoke of the guns.

There was a small cabin, set deep in a picturesque clump of evergreens. Two men, afoot, were dodging from tree to tree and keeping up a steady fire at the cabin. Once Chuck saw the flare of a woman's skirt as she ran nimbly by the open door. A rifle protruded from a shattered window. At least she wasn't alone.

Chuck knew that often interference in just such a scrap meant trouble and he wasn't looking for any, but as he drew closer he got a good glimpse of the two men who formed the attacking party and he liked the looks of neither one.

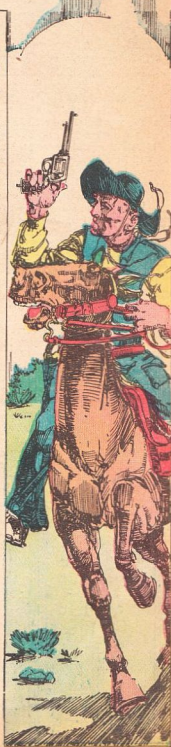
He whipped out his gun, slapped his horse across the flank and rode straight at the would-be killers. They heard the thud of his horse's hoofs and turned to face this new menace. Their guns came up, but Chuck was shooting as he rode. The chunkier of the killers felt his hat whipped from his head. He saw a bullet crash into the tree an inch from his face and he decided that flight was the better course to follow. With a yelp to his companion they raced for their horses, vaulted into the saddle and drummed away toward the ridge over which Chuck had ridden.

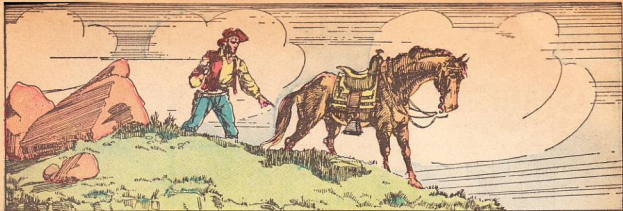
"Hello—the shack!" Chuck yelled. "It's a friend o' callin'. Keep yore shootin' iron offen me."

"Come in—friend." It was a girl's voice, cool and clear. A second later Chuck saw her and held his breath. She was plainly dressed, but that same simplicity was what her type of beauty needed. She was smiling as Chuck climbed out of the saddle. Behind her a middle-aged man, holding a still smoking rifle, came slowly out of the shack. He extended one hand toward Chuck.

"Howdy," he said. "I'm right glad to meet yuh, stranger. Yuh shore came in time. I was runnin' low on bullets and them two buzzards might a' got me afore they was finished."

"What's it all about?" Chuck asked. He walked into the shack and admired the neatness of it. Nothing





expensive or elaborate, but everything was arranged with the touch that only a woman's hand can bestow.

"It's Orp Leedy," the girl put in suddenly. "He owns the big ranch up on Black Mesa and he hates us because we won't give up our land, our house and our pool. It's the pool he wants, but he won't pay for it nor will he allow us to remain here. Those men were some of his killers, sent down to gun-smoke us out."

Chuck scowled. "Nice sort o' a coyote he is. Yuh say it's water this buzzard is after?"

"That's it, the man broke in. 'Me—I'm Joe Blake and this is my daughter, Martha. We been livin' here fer nine years and never bothered nobody. Then Orp Leedy came and right off he told us he owned the pool. We proved right fast he was wrong and he said he was a-goin' to take it anyway. Looks like maybe he's right, too. Can't fight off his men all the time."

"Where's the pool?" Chuck asked quickly.

"South—just back o' that fringe of mesquite, stranger. Yuh saw where them two buzzards was ridin'. It's right in that direction."

Chuck rubbed his chin. He smiled at Martha a moment. "I'll be comin' back," he said. "Got some business to 'tend. Maybe I kin help yuh."

Chuck ran out of the cabin, leaped into the saddle and raced after the two killers who had vanished behind the screen of brush and thin trees.

As he wedged his way through this barrier, he saw them. They were kneeling halfway up a sloping hill. Directly below was a pool of blue, shimmering water worth its weight in gold in this arid country. It was from this pool and spring that the grazing land was watered and kept so green. To a rancher, with thousands of cattle, it was invaluable.

The men were busily digging at the earth. Beside them lay several sticks of dynamite and a long fuse.

He reached for his gun, whispered a word of warning to his horse and crept up the side of the sloping hill. The killers were packing down the earth around the dynamite as he neared them.

"Poke 'em up!" Chuck stepped into the open. "An' keep 'em there lessen yuh want to taste lead. An' you—yuh—big half breed—keep away from that dynamite. I know what yo're tryin' to do. Seein' yuh can't buy Joe Blake ner scare him out, yuh intends tuh fill in the pool so his cattle will die o' thirst. Later on yuh kin dig it out again, but Joe Blake is all alone. He ain't got the money nor the hands to do it."

"Maybe," one of the men snarled, "yuh are pokin' yore nose into trouble, stranger. Joe Blake has got tuh go and the old fool won't see our bosses' side."

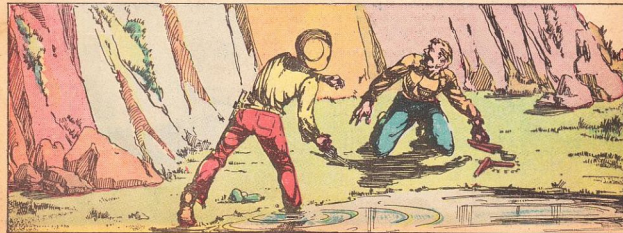
"Don't blame him none," Chuck snapped. "Unhitch yo're hardware and dump it on the ground. Leave the dynamite as she is. We're agoin' back to Blake's cabin."

Twenty minutes later the two killers were locked in the store house behind Blake's shack. Chuck sat down at the table, across from where Martha smiled at him.

"I think I can help yuh, pardner," he said slowly. "This Orp Leedy feller would pay a little money fer yer ranch, wouldn't he?"

"Too little," Martha broke in. "He offered us one thousand dollars. The pool alone is worth four times that amount."

"If yuh will trust me," Chuck said, "I got me a plan. First off I want yuh to sign over the pool to me. Make it an option. Then after I been gone fer an hour, let them two polecats out and shoo 'em off with yer rifle. After that don't pay no heed to anythin' until I come back."



Something about Chuck's manner and the clean cut features of him made Martha and her father instinctively trust this strange cowboy. Their's was a case of desperation anyway. Orp Leedy would go to any ends now. He wanted that pool and he was determined to get it if both Blake and his daughter had to die in gun smoke.

Armed with an option, giving him the right to buy out Blake's property, Chuck rode like the wind toward Orp Leedy's big ranch house. The ranch owner proved to be a hulking brute of a man with a wide, sneering face.

"Me, I'm lookin' fer land," Chuck told him. "I been given to understand that yuh owns the grazin' land just off that pool near Blake's property. I come to see if yuh want to sell."

"Why?" Leedy asked quickly and his eyes narrowed.

"There's copper in that land," Chuck said. "Millions o' dollars worth, but it ain't no good to yuh as she stands now. Yuh gotta have the water to mint it. I got the water rights, yuh own the land so I want tuh make a deal."

"How do you know there's copper on my land?" Leedy asked warily. "Who yuh from?"

"A big minin' firm," Chuck said. "We're ready tuh pay ten times what yo're land's worth. There's no use stallin'. We got an option to the water. Old man Blake just sold it to me. Wanta see the option?"

Leedy did. He read the scrap of paper, his eyes licking at it in avid greed. Finally he raised his head and smacked his thick lips.

"Seem' as how yuh been playin' square with me, pardner, how much do yuh want fer that option?" Leedy asked cautiously. "Maybe I can work my own copper diggin's and sell the ore to your firm. I got the men."

"It'll cost yuh fifteen thousand dollars — cash," Chuck said after a moment's thought. "That's what I paid Blake fer that pool. Sure it's more'n she's worth, but when yuh think about the copper—that make' it different. Yuh gotta have water to mine copper."

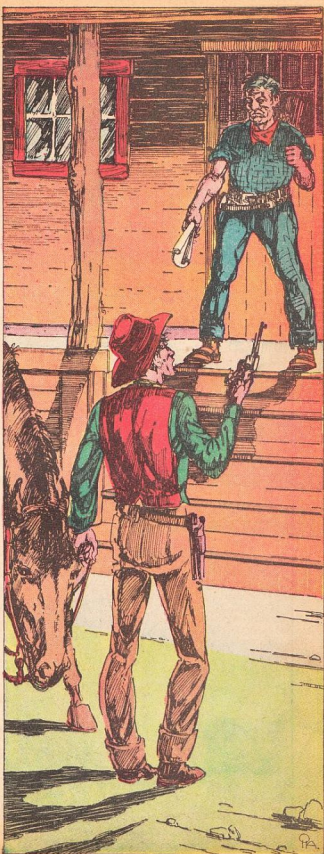
"I'll buy the option," Leedy arose quickly and went out of the room. He came back with a huge stack of bills. Gravely Chuck counted them and every moment or two he looked up at the clock on the wall opposite him. Finally he stuffed the cash into his shirt, arose and walked to the door.

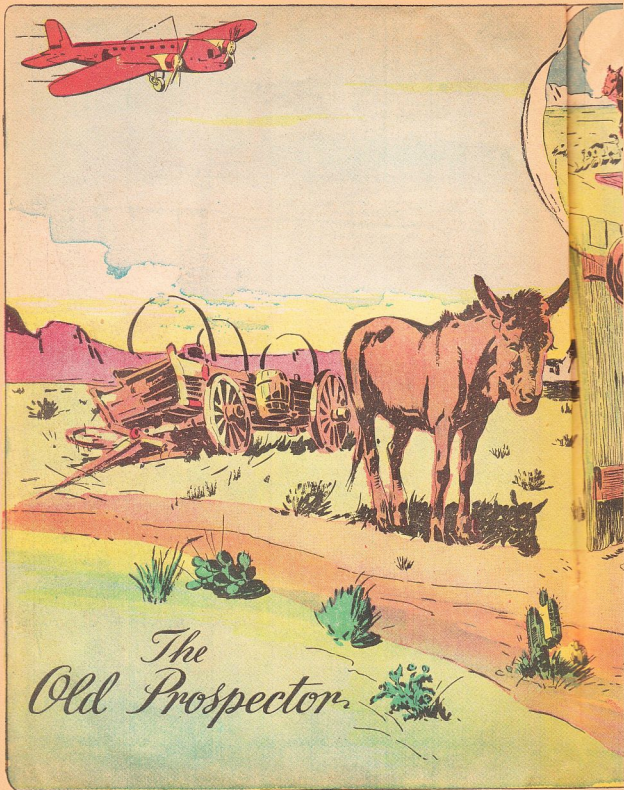
In the distance came a terrific blast and the earth shook beneath his feet. Leedy, folding up the option, raised his head and his jaw dropped wide open.

"What was that?" he asked. "Sounded like dynamite chuk me. Are yuh blastin' fer copper so quick?"

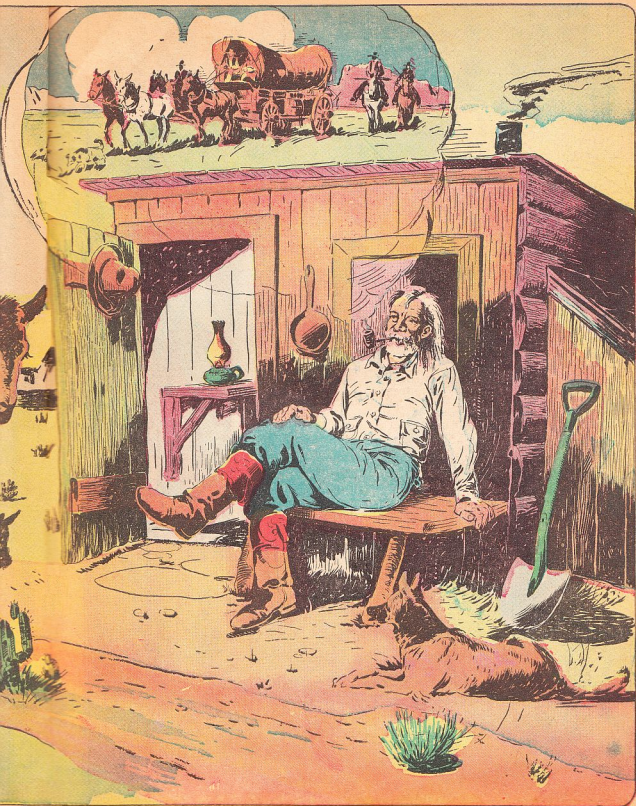
Chuck's right hand dropped to the butt of his gun. He backed toward his horse, leaped into the saddle and pulled his weapon free. He let it rest carelessly on the saddle.

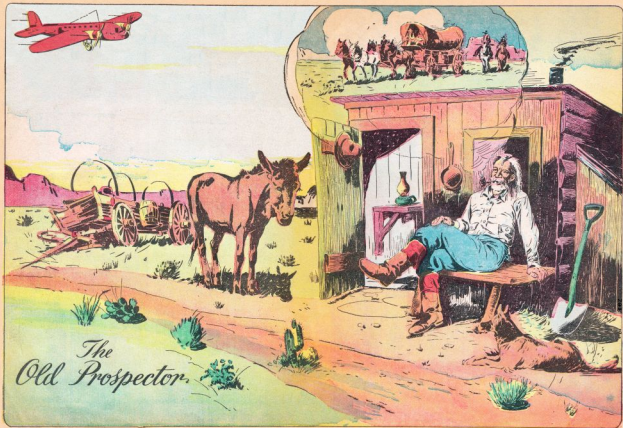
"We ain't," he told Leedy. "If yuh ask me, it sounded like a couple o' coyotes who work fer a low down buzzard, blowing up the side of a hill tuh fill in that there pool, mister. It would be too bad if they did that, wouldn't it?" "Specially if yuh should hnd copper on yer land—which I doubts. See yuh later, Leedy. Right now I'm a-goin' tuh make an old man an' his daughter some happy. Fer them I thanks yuh fer the fifteen thousand dollars. It was their pool yuh bought. Them two polecats yuh sent to blow up that hill musta done their work right well. But nobody can't do nuthin' about that. If a man wants tuh fill in his own pool, that's his business and the pool is yours all right."





*The
Old Prospector*

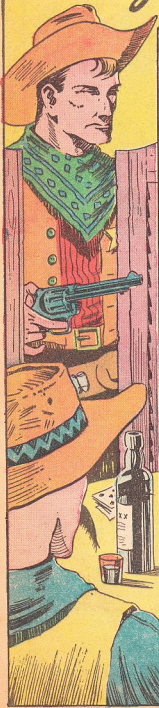




*The
Old Prospector.*

THE LAST HAND

By Charles R. Allen



The doors of Buck's Saloon in Desert City swung inward as Larry Smith, deputy sheriff, gripping a long six-gun in his hand strode through them. The gun muzzle, directed by his cold eyes swept the barroom in a half circle and came to rest on Max Carillo.

"Carillo!"

The gambler threw down a pack of cards, rose and lifted his arms. From beneath a pencil line black mustache his even teeth gleamed in a smile. "*Buenas dias, senior Smeeth! Eet ees ver' early in the mornin' for guns!*"

The deputy's cold eyes gleamed satisfaction. For six months he had been trying to "land" Max Carillo and now he had come to the end of the trail. "Not too early for you Carillo!"

"I've got proof you engineered that hold-up of the Circle-O payroll. I'm not even givin' you a chance to clear out o' Nevada this time! You're comin' with me!"

Max Carillo ran long fingers through his curly black hair and smiled again. "I did not do thees hold-up you speak of, *mi amigo*, but eef you insist of course I go weeth you."

Watching the gambler's eyes Deputy Smith saw them narrow suddenly. Without warning, a gun roared behind him and a bullet whined past his head. In the same instant Carillo dived for his gun belt.

Smith's six-gun thundered straight at Max while the gun of the other answered a split second later. The deputy heard a groan behind him and whirled to see a sallow faced Mexican slump to the floor. When his eyes darted back to Max they stared directly into the gambler's smoking gun muzzle.

Sitting on the edge of a table Max trained his gun on the deputy. Under its quiet menace Smith dropped his own weapon and in turn lifted his arms high.

"You see," mocked the cool voice, "the tables—they are what you call turned! Therees is one dangerous place to turn your back! You shoot at me, *mi amigo*, but I try only to save your life! The Mex—he shoot behind your back to keel you, so I shoot heem down!"

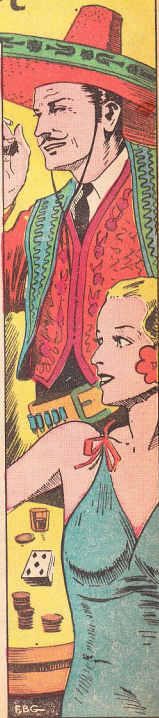
"Why?" grunted Smith. "Why save me? I was gunnin' for you!"

"Ah, but the Mex—he geeve you no chance. He shoot from behind. I do not lak' that. I geeve you chance."

"Whatd'ye mean?"

The gambler's brows wrinkled thoughtfully. Smith, eyeing him closely, thought his face had gone strangely white under its coat of desert tan.

"Thees is the chance I geeve you. You want to put me in jail. Ver' well. But I no lak' jail. The



desert—the stars are mine. I love them. In jail, without them, I die."

"I weel get on my horse. You mus' stay here. When I have reached the edge of town, I head for desert. Then you get on horse an' come after me. Eef you catch me we fight eet out, an' maybe I die on desert but not in jail!"

"You're crazy!" muttered Smith. "How d'ye know I'll wait until you reach the edge of town before I start after you?"

Max straightened up, his lips set in proud dignity. He picked up the deck of cards, ran them through his fingers. "I geeve you fair chance. I do not cheat. I do not play weeth cheat!"

The deputy shrugged and watched the curly-haired gambler back to the door, covering his retreat at gun point. He moved with a sort of swaying, staggering gait and as he reached the door clutched at the wall as if to steady himself. The deputy's lips curled in scorn. "Always the gambler, eh? But your luck won't hold this time. Why, you're too drunk now to even ride a hoss!"

A gay laugh floated back to him as Max stepped out the door. "*Adios mi amigo!*"

Without further remonstrance from the huddled group of men at the bar, Smith picked up his gun and strode to the wooden porch. Max's pinto pony was galloping down the street in a cloud of dust.

Grimly the deputy watched as horse and rider became smaller and smaller and finally appeared as no more than a speck of dust on the shimmering horizon.

He raced to his horse then and leaped into the high Mexican saddle. "I'm a fool for doin' this, but I'll catch him anyway!"

With a touch of spurs his black and white mount streaked away. Down the hot street he clattered, plowing up dust, heading his horse's nose toward the sun-baked Nevada flats. Out across the sage brush desert he thundered, straining his eyes over that vast expanse of sand and scraggly growth for a glimpse of his fleeing quarry.

By slow degrees the speck in the distance became larger and Smith leaned forward eagerly, the hot wind lashing his bronzed face and his knees pressed tightly against sweating horse flanks. As each thundering minute brought him closer to Max he pulled out his six-gun and held it in readiness for a pot shot.

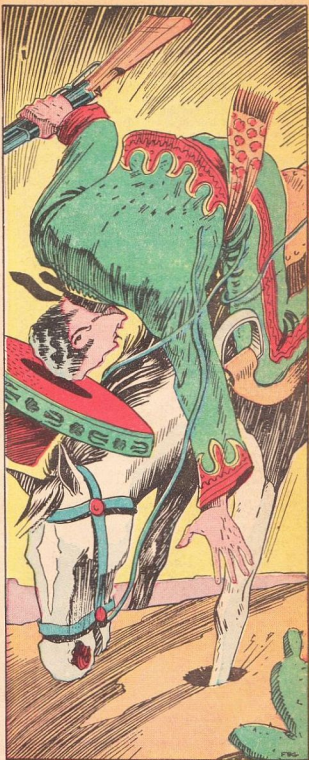
Fifteen minutes of wild racing and he tore along fifty yards behind his prey. The gambler at that moment must have seen the chase was hopeless, for in a cloud of dust his horse whirled about, dropped to the ground and Max fell down behind it.

Smith jerked the reins just in time. He pulled up short, swung out of the stirrups and dragged his horse to the desert floor.

Behind the protecting bulwark of horseflesh he flattened on his stomach and peered across at his opponent. The sun glinted wickedly on a rifle barrel propped against Max's pinto. Smith stirred uneasily. He hadn't known the other had brought a rifle.

A shot smashed the silence. The deputy squirmed into the sand and a minute later raised his head and grinned. "Missed!" he exulted. Slowly he brought up the six-gun which he still held in his hand. Pointing its blue-black nose at a point just behind the shining rifle barrel he pulled the trigger, only to hear a faint metallic click.

He flipped open the cylinder. It was empty. Sliding a hand toward his ammunition belt he made a discovery that sent a throbbing wave of terror through him. The belt was gone! Dropped off, he



thought bitterly, in the wild excitement of the chase and would now be lying somewhere in the desert, miles behind him!

He stared at that uncompromising rifle fifty yards away and the chilling realization swept over him that without a single bullet, he was marked for death. Max had missed the first time but there would be

other bullets flying his way and finally—one that would find its mark.

Cold sweat poured over his face. His hard brown fists dug into the sand in savage anger and his teeth clamped over his lips until the blood came. Wild schemes raced through his mind. He might leap up, spurt the fifty yards and try to close with the gambler before the latter's bullets reached him. But there wasn't one chance in a thousand Max would miss on a short range, and besides it would only advertise at once his own lack of ammunition. It was better to wait and try to think of something else.

He waited and no other plan came. Minutes dragged by into an hour and still that rifle glinted ominously in the sunlight. Evidently Max too was playing the same game—holding his fire, waiting for a target and tearing down his opponent's nerves.

Hours passed, while the silent weird game of waiting went on. The sun, a copper ball of fire soared up in a blue sky, passed the meridian and beat down its noonday heat on the deputy's suffering body.

His tortured eyes followed its glazed progress across the sweep of blue-washed heavens, saw it creep majestically downward in the west, and the first purple fingers of evening fling themselves across the desert's face.

His throat was cracked and parched, his stomach a yawning cavern of hunger. The cramped limbs that had crouched behind a horse for ten hours were twitching in agony. At times he felt his reason had left him. Why should Max fire one shot, then wait hours in brooding silence for another chance? Or was he planning a night attack?

Stirring, his horse neighed loudly. For hours now the beast had been restless, striving to rise and Smith at times had required all his strength to hold him down.

Slowly the blanket of night engulfed the desert. Sky shadows gave way to an ocean of glittering stars and the deputy rose to his haunches stiffly. Anything, he told himself, was better than this silent vigil of death. It was dark now—he might make a dash across to Max without getting hit. Even now, the moonlight shimmered on that waiting rifle barrel as he rose and started a zig-zag course across the sand.

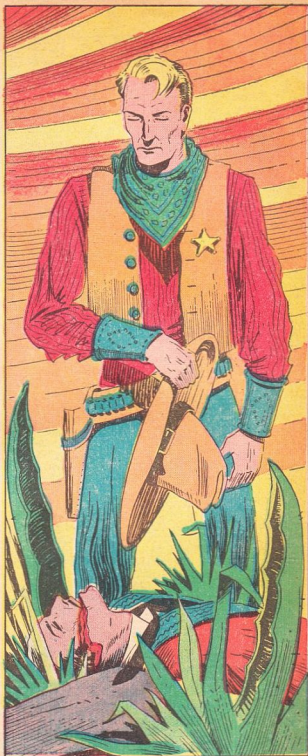
Every nerve in his body was tense, ready for the whine of bullets he expected to hear. But none came. The night's silence remained unbroken as he reached the fallen pinto pony and the sprawled form that lay behind it.

Amazement surged in his eyes. The pinto was dead, a neat bullet hole drilled between its eyes. Closer examination showed why. It had stumbled into a gopher hole and broken a leg. Then that was the single shot Max had fired—to kill his injured horse!

The deputy looked at Max. Arms flung wide, the gambler lay dead, his cold handsome face turned up to the stars he loved; his shirt front covered with blood that had oozed from a center-chest bullet wound!

Dumbly pondering this spectacle the truth came to Smith in a blinding flash. He remembered Max's suddenly white face back in the saloon after he, Smith, had fired a shot at him. He recalled the gambler's staggering gait as he had retreated to the door. He had called him drunk but Max had then received his death wound and knew it.

Mightily Smith wondered at the pride of this man to whom death had dealt the last hand, that would not allow him to die save in a setting of his own

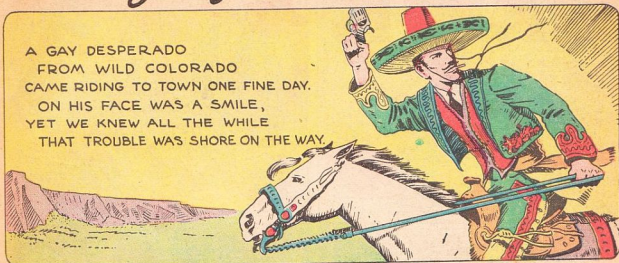


choice. He pictured his smiling lips as he lay bleeding to death during those long hot hours, and slowly his hand went up and removed his wide-brimmed sombrero in silent tribute: "Adios mi amigo," he whispered.

THE END.

THE *Gay* DESPERADO

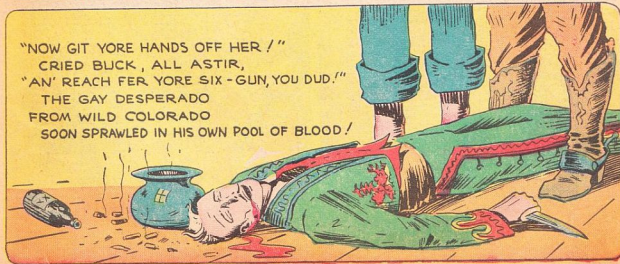
A GAY DESPERADO
FROM WILD COLORADO
CAME RIDING TO TOWN ONE FINE DAY.
ON HIS FACE WAS A SMILE,
YET WE KNEW ALL THE WHILE
THAT TROUBLE WAS SHORE ON THE WAY.



INSIDE THE CASINO
HIS EYE WINKED AT RENO,
THE DANCING GIRL BUCK LIKED SO WELL.
HE DANCED WITH HER LIGHTLY, —
THEN HELD HER WAIST TIGHTLY, —
AND LAUGHED WHEN SHE STARTED TO YELL.



"NOW GIT YORE HANDS OFF HER!"
CRIED BUCK, ALL ASTIR,
"AN' REACH FER YORE SIX-GUN, YOU DUD!"
THE GAY DESPERADO
FROM WILD COLORADO
SOON SPRAWLED IN HIS OWN POOL OF BLOOD!



TOMMY HAWK



HOW YA DOIN' TOMMY?



MUCH FINE - PLENTY OIL
MAKE HEAP BIG MONEY.



GREAT, NOW WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS
BUY A SWELL HOUSE AN' LIVE RIGHT.



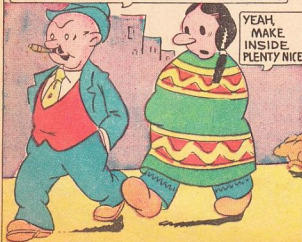
THAT'S
GOOD
IDEA!

THERE'S JUST THE ONE
FOR YOU - AN' ONLY 50,000



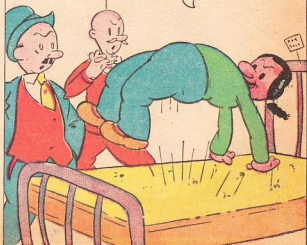
ME LIKE UM-ME BUY.

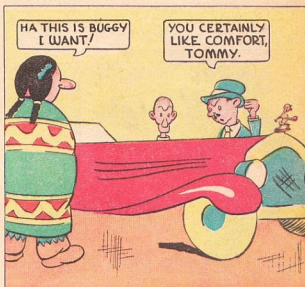
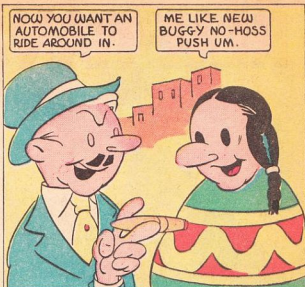
NOW YOU WANT TO FURNISH IT OUT SWELL.



YEAH,
MAKE
INSIDE.
PLENTY NICE

HM-M-M-NICE AND SOFT
--ME TAKE DOZEN!





REAL-MAN



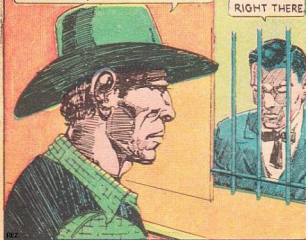
COULD I COME TO CALL
ON YOU TONIGHT, MARY?

I'M SORRY, TOMMY.
I'VE INVITED
"BRONCO" CHARLIE
DEAN TO SUPPER.
BUT, SH-H-H! HERE
HE COMES!



HELLO, MARY. SAY YOUNGSTER,
I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY, I
MEAN YOU, HUNTER.

YES SIR,
I'LL BE
RIGHT THERE.



OH, ISN'T HE WONDERFULL,
TOMMY? HE'S SO BRAVE
AND STRONG!

YEAH, HE'S A
VERY CLEVER
RIDER, MARY.
WON THE RODEO
THREE YEARS
STRAIGHT....
I GUESS HE'S
THE KIND OF A
GUY YOU GIRLS
LIKE.



I LIKE YOU TOO, TOMMY.
BUT--BUT--YOU'RE ONLY
--A CLERK--AND BRONCO
--WELL--

I'M NOT
ASHAMED
OF IT, MARY.
IT'S HONEST
WORK.



I HAVE LOANED "BRONCO"
CHARLEY DEAN MONEY TO
SET UP A SPREAD. HE AND
MARY EXPECT TO WED IN
JUNE, AND I WANT HIM
TO SETTLE DOWN.

WELL, GOSH,
MR. CUTTER.
I'M AWFUL
GLAD--IF
MARY'S HAPPY.



A FEW MONTHS LATER

THEN ONE NIGHT IN JUNE~

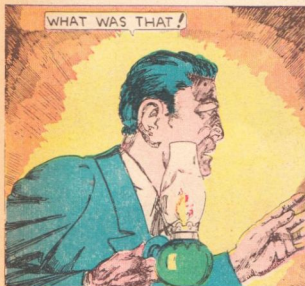
DONE AT LAST. GUESS I'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHT
AND GET SOME SLEEP-AND GOSH, MARY'S
WEDDING COMES OFF THE DAY AFTER
TOMORROW!



THINGS WON'T SEEM THE SAME WITH
MARY AWAY FROM THE BANK.



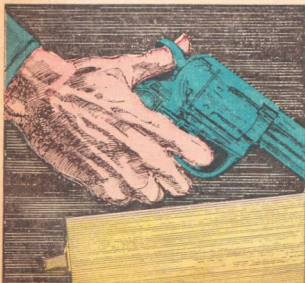
WHAT WAS THAT!



A BANDIT!



FEAR GRIPS TOMMY'S HEART-BUT--



PUT 'EM UP!

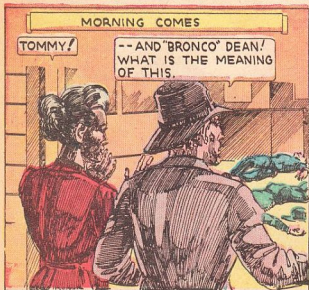




MORNING COMES

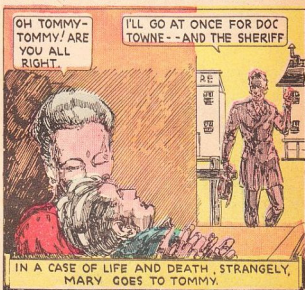
TOMMY!

-- AND "BRONCO" DEAN!
WHAT IS THE MEANING
OF THIS.



OH TOMMY-
TOMMY! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT.

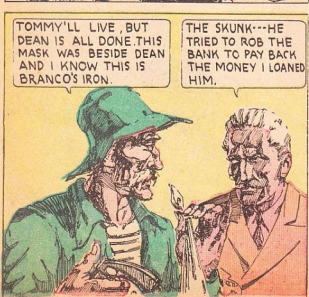
I'LL GO AT ONCE FOR DOC
TOWNE - - AND THE SHERIFF



IN A CASE OF LIFE AND DEATH, STRANGELY,
MARY GOES TO TOMMY.

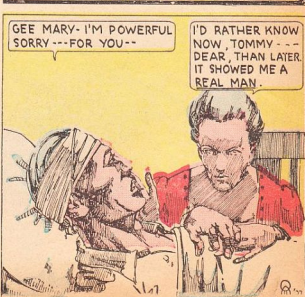
TOMMY'LL LIVE, BUT
DEAN IS ALL DONE. THIS
MASK WAS BESIDE DEAN
AND I KNOW THIS IS
BRANCO'S IRON.

THE SKUNK---HE
TRIED TO ROB THE
BANK TO PAY BACK
THE MONEY I LOANED
HIM.

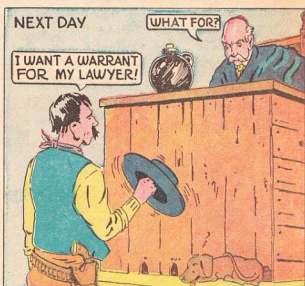
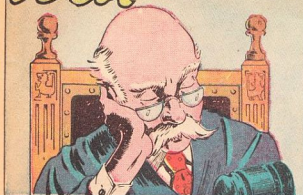


GEE MARY- I'M POWERFUL
SORRY ---FOR YOU--

I'D RATHER KNOW
NOW, TOMMY - -
DEAR, THAN LATER.
IT SHOWED ME A
REAL MAN.



OUT WHERE THE *West* BEGINS



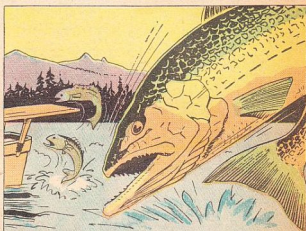
LYIN' Lou



UP IN MOOSE COUNTY WHERE I COME FROM — IS WHERE THERE WUZ REAL FISHIN'....

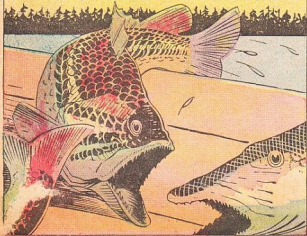


".....I ALWAYS HAD A SPECIAL KIND O' BOAT THAT I USED."



"...THEM DURN FISH KEPT A-FLYIN' OUT O' THE WATER AND SAW THE PLATFORM THERE."

"....AN' THEY JEST NATURALLY THOUGHT IT WUZ A LANDIN' FIELD AND THEY KEPT A FLOPPIN' ON IT ONE AFTER THE OTHER."



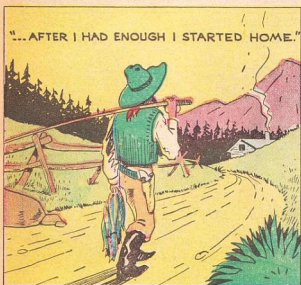
".....BUT IT WUZ IN BOILIN' SPRING — THAT I HAD MY REAL EXPERIENCE."



"...ONE DAY IT WUZ SO HOT
YER COULDN'T GIT WITHIN
50 FEET OF THE STREAM."



"...BUT I DIDN'T MIND AN' I
KEPT ON A-FISHIN' AND A-
HAULIN' 'EM IN."



"...AFTER I HAD ENOUGH I STARTED HOME."



"...GOT THERE AND
PREPARED TO COOK
'EM UP FER THE BOYS."

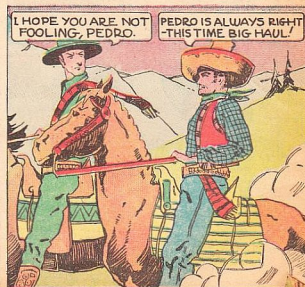
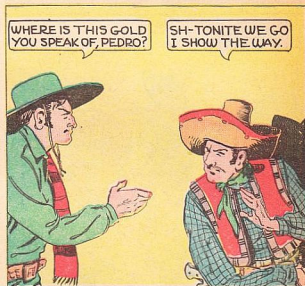
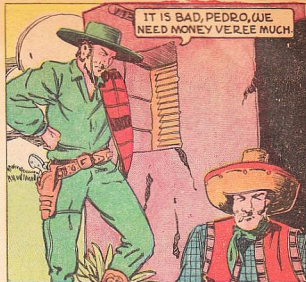
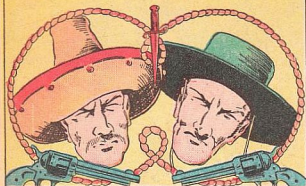


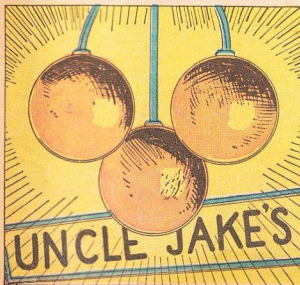
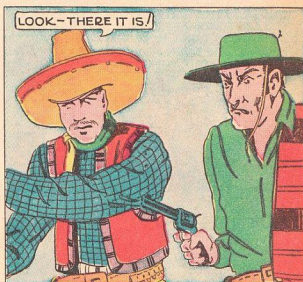
"... AND SAY WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT -
WHEN I STARTED TO PUT 'EM ON THE
FIRE,"



"...I FOUND OUT THE
WATER IN THAT STREAM
WUZ SO HOT-THE DURN
FISH WERE ALREADY COOKED!"

PEDRO & PANCHO





POISONED WATER



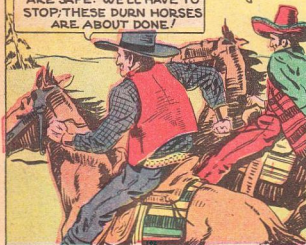
I CANNOT GO MUCH FARTHER IN THEES HEAT.

YOUR LIFE AIN'T WORTH A COYOTE'S HOWL THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER, CARLOS.



YONDER IS THE WATER HOLE, THE LAST STOP BEFORE WE ARE SAFE! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP; THESE DURN HORSES ARE ABOUT DONE!

AND I, TOO, SENOR.



AT LAST! MY THROAT EES DRIED UP!

SHUT UP, CARLOS. YOU THINK I DON'T FEEL THE THIRST, TOO?



CARLOS--LOOK!

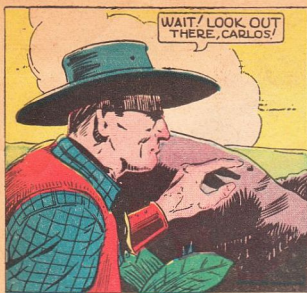
FOOL THAT YOU ARE! YOU HAVE TAKE THE WRONG TRAIL!



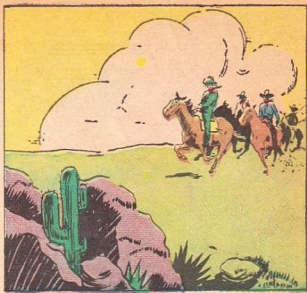
YOU HAVE COME BY THE POISON WATER HOLE! WE HAVE MISSED THE FRESH WATER BY FIFTY MILES!

WE'RE ALL FINISHED, CARLOS. WE CAN'T GO ANOTHER MILE.





WAIT! LOOK OUT THERE, CARLOS!



I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE THE SHERIFF, CARLOS, BUT IF WE HIDE WELL WE MAY BE ABLE TO STEAL SOME WATER!

SI SEÑOR. THEY WEEL REST HERE AND WEEL NOT EXPECT US.



WE'LL HIDE HERE. THE HORSES ARE TIRED AND WILL LIE QUIET.



WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL REST FOR AWHILE, MEN. LUCKY WE BROUGHT PLENTY OF WATER.

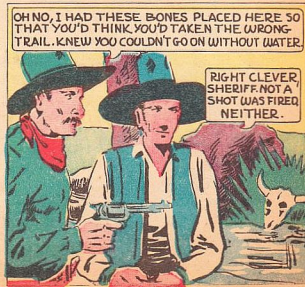
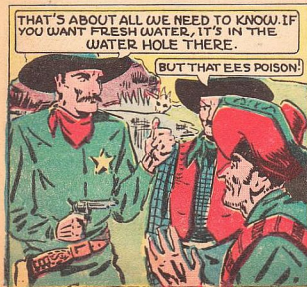
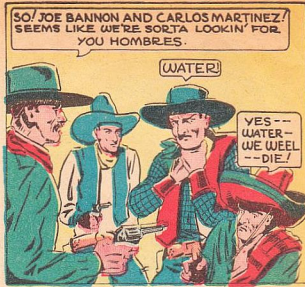
RIGHT, SHERIFF. TAIN'T HEALTHY TO DRINK OUT OF THIS SPRING, I RECKON.



HOURS PASS AND STILL THE DESERT SUN BEATS DOWN WITHOUT MERCY.

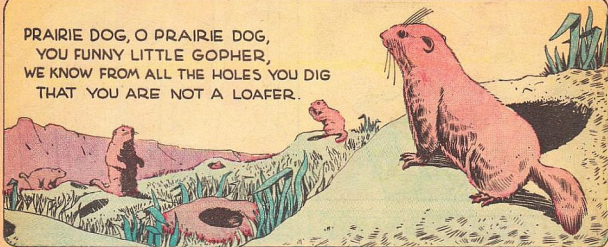
I HAVE TRIED AND I CANNOT GET AIM AT THEM WITH MY GUN.

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, CARLOS, THEY'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

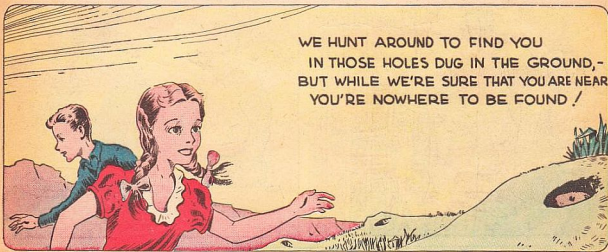


PRAIRIE DOG

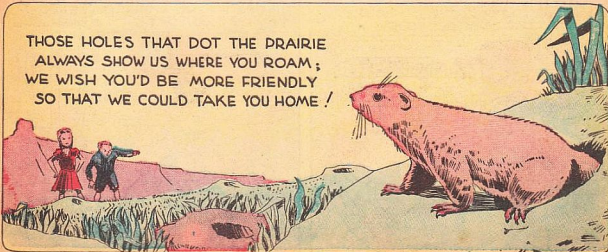
PRAIRIE DOG, O PRAIRIE DOG,
YOU FUNNY LITTLE GOPHER,
WE KNOW FROM ALL THE HOLES YOU DIG
THAT YOU ARE NOT A LOAFER.



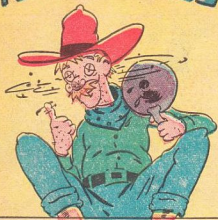
WE HUNT AROUND TO FIND YOU
IN THOSE HOLES DUG IN THE GROUND,-
BUT WHILE WE'RE SURE THAT YOU ARE NEAR
YOU'RE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND !



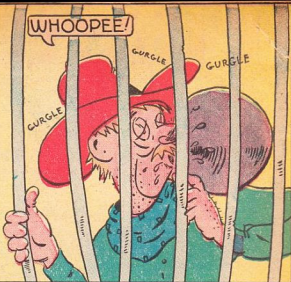
THOSE HOLES THAT DOT THE PRAIRIE
ALWAYS SHOW US WHERE YOU ROAM ;
WE WISH YOU'D BE MORE FRIENDLY
SO THAT WE COULD TAKE YOU HOME !



PALSY-WALSY



WHOOPEE!



THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE
WITH SOMETHING FOR YOU
-A MAN WITH A MUSTACHE

TELL HIM I
ALREADY GOT
A MUSTACHE
-HIC!



HELLO PALSY. I'M YOUR
LAWYER. I'VE COME
TO BAIL YOU OUT!

DON' WAN' A LAWYER -
HIC- WANNA BARTENDER

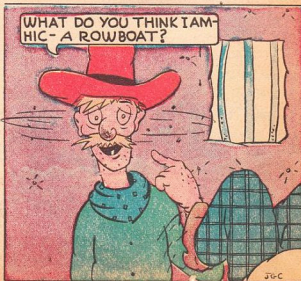


THASH IMPOSSIBLE -HIC-
YOU CAN'T BAIL ME OUT.

WHY NOT?

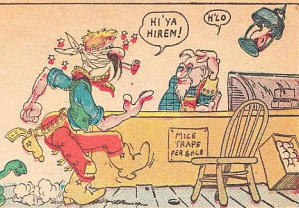


WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM -
HIC- A ROWBOAT?



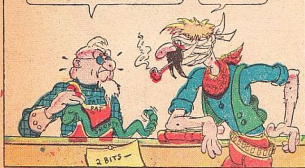
JESS PHOOLIN

I KEEP IT IN MY HULSTER. IT'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN GUNS.



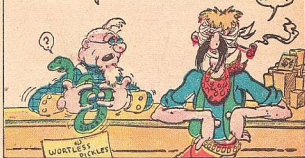
WHUT'S THE MATTER, JESS-HAVE AN ACCIDENT?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY-

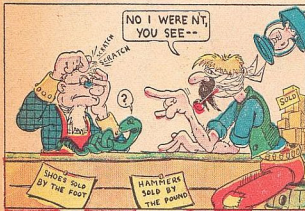


FROM THE LOOKS OF YOUR FACE YOU MUSTA BEEN IN A FIGHT!

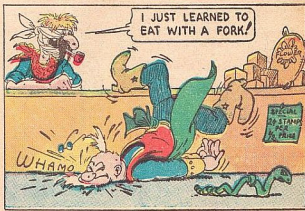
NAH!



NO I WERE N'T, YOU SEE--



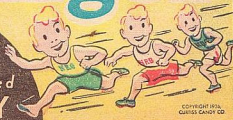
I JUST LEARNED TO EAT WITH A FORK!



Butterfinger

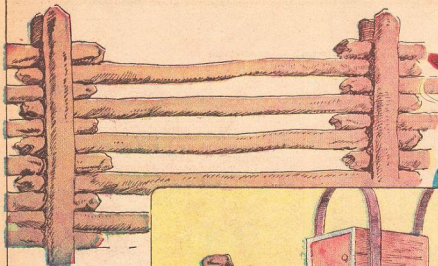
5¢

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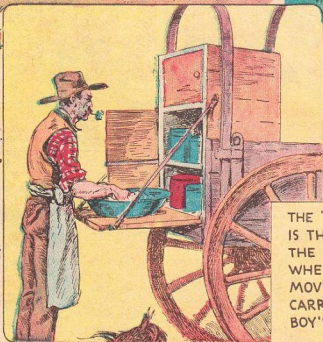
Western Facts



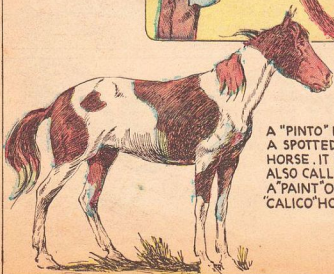
A CORRAL IS AN ENCLOSURE TO CONFIN STOCK. A COMMON FORM, SELDOM SEEN TODAY, WAS MADE OF POLES PILED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER WITH ENDS OVERLAPPING.



COWBOY "LINGO" DIFFERS IN THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WEST. SPANISH WORDS, COMMON IN THE SOUTHWEST ARE NOT USED IN THE NORTH.



THE "CHUCK WAGON" IS THE KITCHEN OF THE ROUND-UP CAMP. WHEN THE CAMP IS MOVED, IT ALSO CARRIES THE COWBOY'S BED ROLLS.



A "PINTO" IS A SPOTTED HORSE. IT IS ALSO CALLED A "PAINT" OR "CALICO" HORSE.



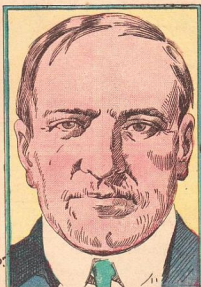
A RATTLE SNAKE MAY NOT ALWAYS SOUND A WARNING. IT SOMETIMES LOSES IT'S RATTLES.

PAT CROWE

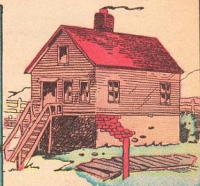
KIDNAPER OF EDWARD CUDAHY, JR., SON OF MILLIONAIRE PACKER.



CROWE AND CALLAHAN ORDERED YOUNG CUDAHY TO "STICK 'EM UP."



PAT CROWE
REFORMED
BANDIT ABDUCTOR



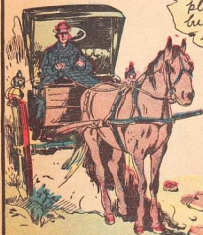
OMAHA HIDEOUT-WHERE YOUNG CUDAHY WAS HELD.



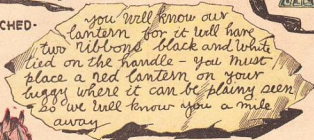
STICK WITH NOTE ATTACHED-
TELLING MR.CUDAHY
WHAT TO DO.



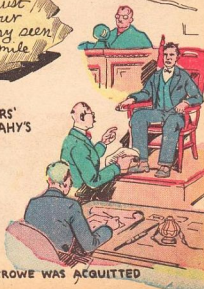
LANTERN
THAT MARKED
THE SPOT
WHERE BANDIT
TOLD CUDAHY
TO PLACE THE
GOLD
BAGS



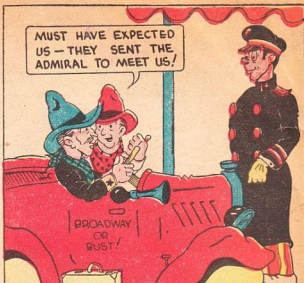
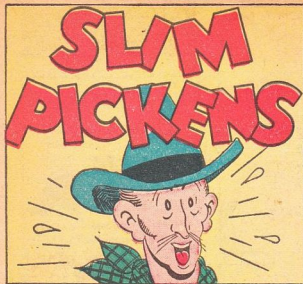
CUDAHY DROVE CAUTIOUSLY OVER
THE ROUGH LONESOME ROAD LOOKING
FOR THE LANTERN KIDNAPERS.

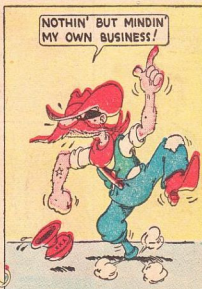
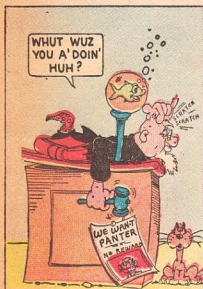
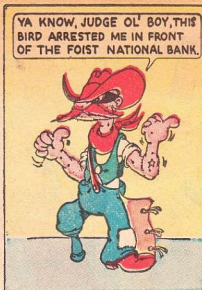


PORTION OF THE KIDNAPERS'
NOTE FOUND ON MR.CUDAHY'S
LAWN BY A SERVANT THE
NEXT DAY.



CROWE WAS ACQUITTED





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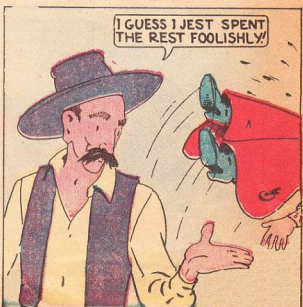
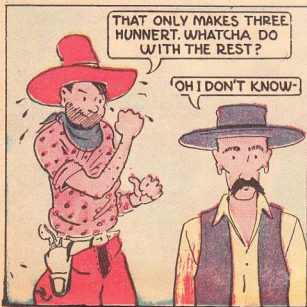
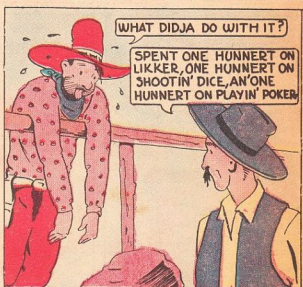
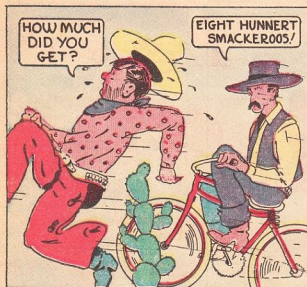
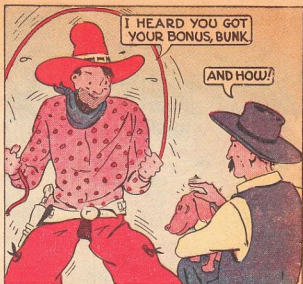
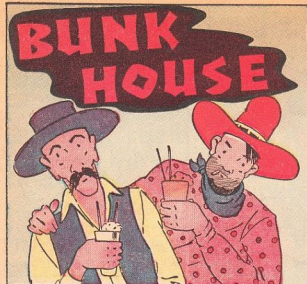
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THE CURTISS CANDY CO

DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

IT'S SO VERY, VERY GOOD!

Sitting on Top of the World

WHAT MAKES BABY RUTH SO DELICIOUS?

If you want to make Baby Ruth Candy yourself, you need these ingredients: plump, selected peanuts, roasted to a golden brown goodness; pure, fresh creamery butter, Grade A milk, smooth, rich chocolate—and Dextrose, the food-energy sugar. But to blend these choice foods together into delicious Baby Ruth takes skill, experience and expensive equipment. That's why no one but Curtiss Candy Company can make a candy quite as fine as Baby Ruth. No wonder it's America's favorite 5c Candy!

Have you ever noticed that the best athletes, the keenest students, the most popular fellows in school and in sports, are usually chockful of energy and vitality? Always it seems that energy and leadership go hand in hand.

Baby Ruth is chockful of this energy that you need to be a winner. Baby Ruth now combines with the delicious ingredients always used, a rich quantity of Dextrose—the sugar you need for energy. The fine, delicious ingredients used in Baby Ruth make it a vast storehouse of energy.

Each ingredient of Baby Ruth is a food in itself. These wholesome foods blended together make Baby Ruth the most delicious, tempting, nutritious candy bar you can eat.

For energy—for enjoyment... make Baby Ruth a daily habit.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF ENERGY?

The most important form of food-energy known to medical science is Dextrose. Dextrose is a pure white sugar, sweet and cooling. It is called "muscle" or "body" sugar by doctors. When you have an abundance of this vital sugar, you have a supply of reserve energy, of endurance. Your own doctor will tell you that every moment of your life, to breathe, walk, talk, yes, even to think, your body uses Dextrose. That's why trainers and coaches give athletes Dextrose before and during strenuous games and contests.

Baby 5¢ Ruth

CURTISS CANDY CO., Otto Schnering, President • CHICAGO

* indicates a signed story

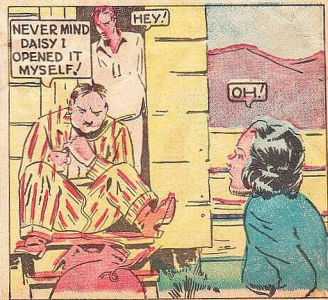
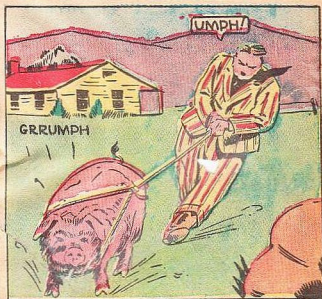
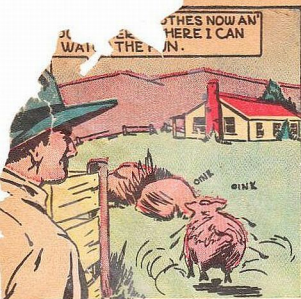
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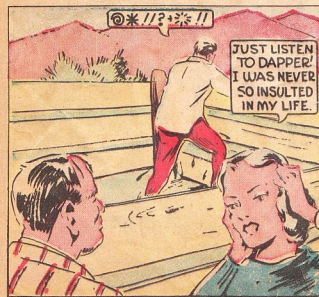
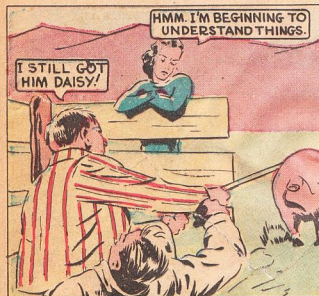
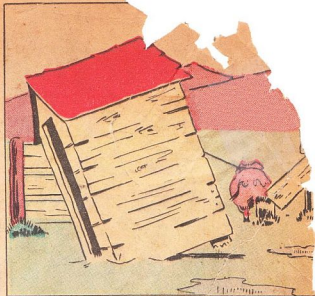
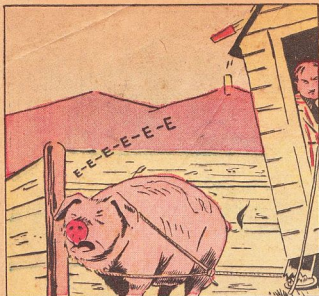
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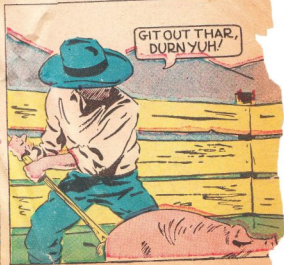
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|--------------------------------------------|---------|
| At Sunset ("by Will Harr") by Bob Jenny??? | 1 page |
| Tend(sp?) Joe by Schwab | 2 pages |
| Ace & Deuce by William M. Allison | 4 pages |
| Taca by Fred B. Guardineer* | 4 pages |
| Death Rides the Stage by Astarita | 2 pages |
| West That Was by W. M. Allison* | 1 page |
| Chief Two-Gun White Calf by Speed? | 1 page |
| The Square Ups (text) w by Bart Reynold | 3 pages |
| text illustrations by Astarita* | |
| The Last Hand (text) w by Charles R. Allen | 3 pages |
| text illustrations by F.B. Guardineer* | |
| Gay Desperado (poem) by FB Guardineer? | 1 page |
| Real Man by Rafael Astarita* | 3 pages |
| Out Where West Begins by J.G.C.* | 1 page |
| (= Jim Chambers?) | |
| Lyin Lou by F.B. Guardineer* | 2 pages |
| Pedro & Pancho by Jim Chambers* | 2 pages |
| Palsy-Walsy by J.G.C.* | 1 page |
| Western Facts by W.M. Allison | 1 page |
| Tubby/T-Bone by J.G.C.* | 3 pages |
| (cartoon) by Will Eisner* | 1 page |

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From original paper. Scans and edits by rez 02/09









I WONDER WHERE THAT B
IS THAT I'VE BEEN READING



"GOL DURN IT SHERIFF -- THE LAUGHS
ON US -- WE HUNG THE WRONG GUY!"

Baby Ruth ^{5¢}

CURTIS
Baby Ruth
Delicious

CURTIS CANDIES
Rich in
DEXTROSE
The Sugar You
Need for
ENERGY



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